

# Gamer Girl



Breast expansion

Booty expansion

Enhanced sensitivity


Lip expansion

Facial modifications

BDSM

Piercing & tattoos

Cosplay



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Soul of the Fallen Angel is a popular MMORPG. Every day hundreds of thousands of people log into its virtual world. Due to violent and erotic scenes it is for adults only.



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“Fuck!” shouted Erin and slammed the desk with her fist, making the dirty glasses and the plate with pizza leftovers rattle.

“It’s this fucking Gothar the Dark again!”

“He just had to cross us again, just when we were in the middle of a boss raid” sighed Bjorn.

“What’s the plan boss?”

“Let’s leave the dragon for later, and get Gothar” decided Erin. “He won’t beat Ishana and her guild!”

As usual, she was streaming the game on Twitch. Everyone, who were watching now saw her focused face in the corner of the screen. On the wall behind her there was a Lord of the Rings poster.

Erin spent many hours a day in SOFA. She earned some money for streaming games, but her main source of income was a job as a cam girl.





“Hi!” she said.

She looked completely different than on Twitch. She was wearing sharp makeup, and a sexy cosplay outfit.

“I have something special for you today” she continued. “A few days ago one user wrote on Twitch, that I am, quote: ‘a common slut and a whore who only pretends to be a gamer girl to better whore herself in front of the camera’. This user seems to have forgotten, that internet is not anonymous. And here he is. Or rather she. Meet Emma!”

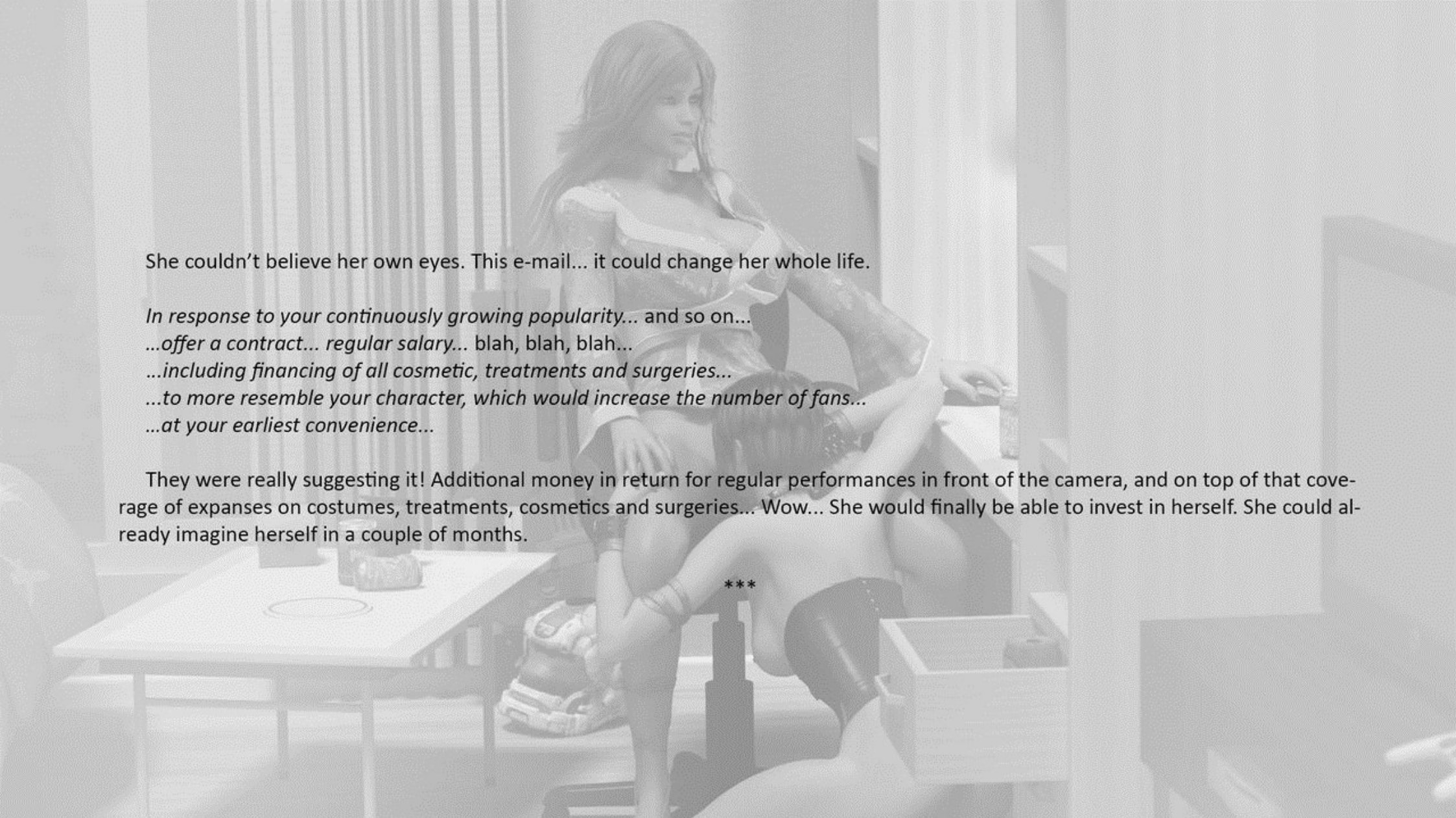
Erin was holding a buttplug with the girl’s picture imprinted on it. She smiled triumphantly and slowly inserted the toy into her asshole. She sighed and closed her eyes.

“Now you see what I think of haters” she said. “And believe me, I can fit a lot in there, maybe I’ll show you next time.”

She spread her legs wide. Slowly, she started caressing her breasts, belly and pussy. She was getting more and more aroused.

She loved playing computer games, but this job was pleasurable too. Very, very pleasurable.

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A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white, short-sleeved, off-the-shoulder dress, is sitting on a desk. She is looking down at a person whose back is to the camera. The person is sitting on a chair, and their hands are on the desk. The room has a desk with a chair, a window with curtains, and a desk with a chair. The scene is dimly lit.

She couldn't believe her own eyes. This e-mail... it could change her whole life.

*In response to your continuously growing popularity... and so on...*

*...offer a contract... regular salary... blah, blah, blah...*

*...including financing of all cosmetic, treatments and surgeries...*

*...to more resemble your character, which would increase the number of fans...*

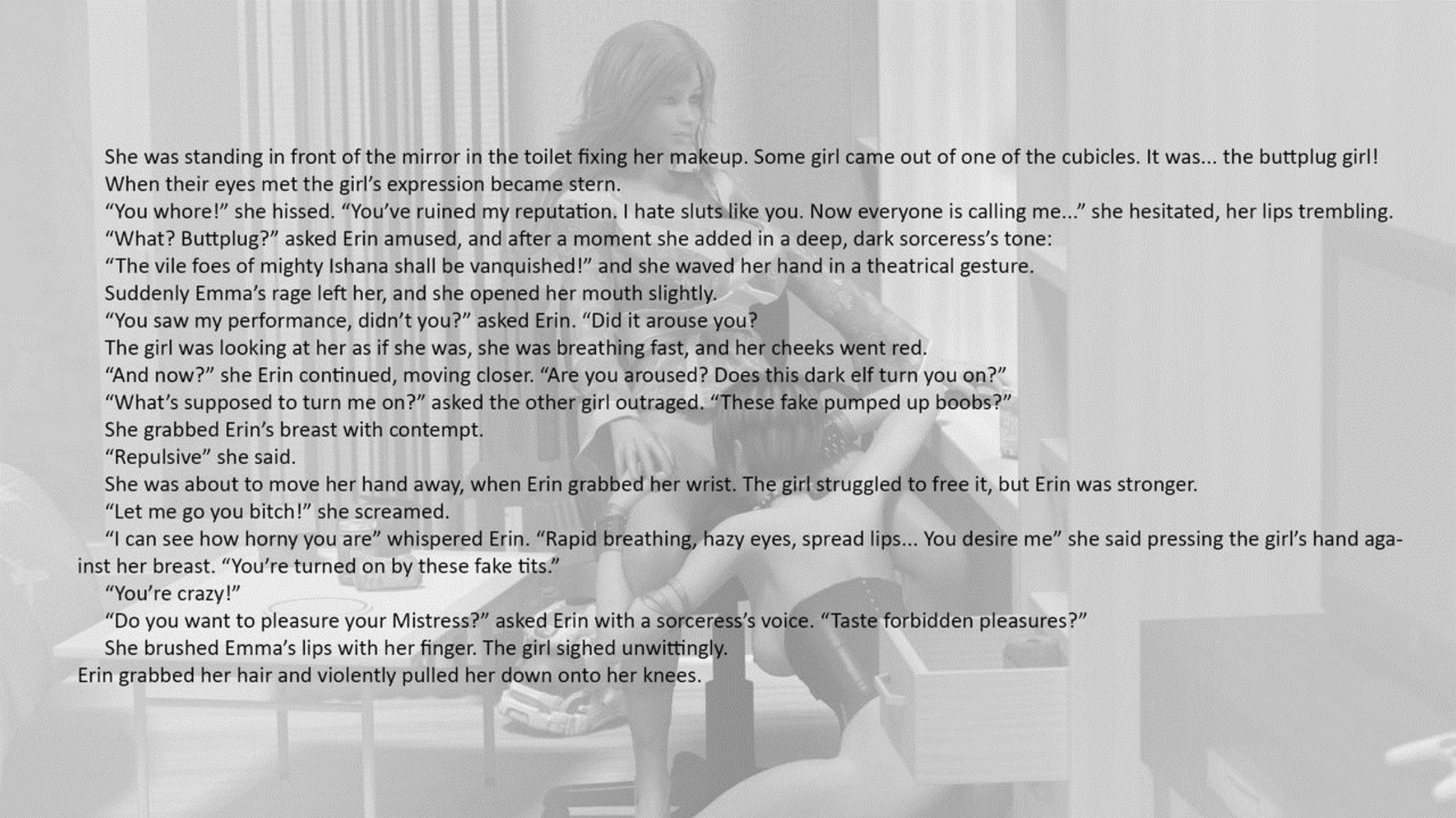
*...at your earliest convenience...*

They were really suggesting it! Additional money in return for regular performances in front of the camera, and on top of that coverage of expenses on costumes, treatments, cosmetics and surgeries... Wow... She would finally be able to invest in herself. She could already imagine herself in a couple of months.

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To her next convention she went after her breast enlargement surgery, with a dark elf skin complexion, and with blue contact lenses. Everyone was staring at her. She looked beautiful and in character.



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black corset and stockings, is sitting on a vanity in a room. She is looking towards the camera with a stern expression. The room has a mirror on the wall and shelves with various items.

She was standing in front of the mirror in the toilet fixing her makeup. Some girl came out of one of the cubicles. It was... the buttplug girl! When their eyes met the girl's expression became stern.

"You whore!" she hissed. "You've ruined my reputation. I hate sluts like you. Now everyone is calling me..." she hesitated, her lips trembling.

"What? Buttplug?" asked Erin amused, and after a moment she added in a deep, dark sorceress's tone:

"The vile foes of mighty Ishana shall be vanquished!" and she waved her hand in a theatrical gesture.

Suddenly Emma's rage left her, and she opened her mouth slightly.

"You saw my performance, didn't you?" asked Erin. "Did it arouse you?"

The girl was looking at her as if she was, she was breathing fast, and her cheeks went red.

"And now?" she Erin continued, moving closer. "Are you aroused? Does this dark elf turn you on?"

"What's supposed to turn me on?" asked the other girl outraged. "These fake pumped up boobs?"

She grabbed Erin's breast with contempt.

"Repulsive" she said.

She was about to move her hand away, when Erin grabbed her wrist. The girl struggled to free it, but Erin was stronger.

"Let me go you bitch!" she screamed.

"I can see how horny you are" whispered Erin. "Rapid breathing, hazy eyes, spread lips... You desire me" she said pressing the girl's hand against her breast. "You're turned on by these fake tits."

"You're crazy!"

"Do you want to pleasure your Mistress?" asked Erin with a sorceress's voice. "Taste forbidden pleasures?"

She brushed Emma's lips with her finger. The girl sighed unwittingly.

Erin grabbed her hair and violently pulled her down onto her knees.



She pulled Emma's head closer to her pussy. She shivered with arousal. The girl struggled for a moment, but then suddenly calmed down. Erin felt Emma's breath on her clit. When her tongue touched her labia, she sighed and strengthened her hold. Emma was licking her more and more hungrily, embracing Erin's clit with her lips and sucking it gently. Erin was looking at her own reflection in the mirror. Her blissful expression, her huge boobs rising and falling. She was finally starting to resemble her character. She was becoming beautiful, desirable. Emma's tongue slid deep inside her...

Some woman entered the toilet and froze.

"Don't mind us" moaned Erin, but the shocked stranger left slamming the door behind her. "And you don't stop" she said to Emma.

Her head was swimming and she felt her body taking over control over her. Emma's lips were teasing her swollen pussy, bringing her to the edge of orgasm. She screamed and trembled, nearly losing her balance. She felt like falling into an abyss of pleasure, where she slowly dissolves into oblivion. She got lost in ecstasy, moaning and sighing.

When she was done, she pushed Emma away. The girl was looking at her with hope. Her lips were wet and eyes full of adoration.

"Such treatment is acceptable" said Erin and left the toilet.

\*\*\*



Buttplug was fervently licking her Mistress's clit. She loved its taste. Erin hardly paid her any attention, completely focused on her game, and only occasionally she sighed with satisfaction. Emma hadn't expected such a thing might arouse her. She became a slave of this immoral slut with no principles. And that was exactly what she liked about it the most.

She was doing her best to better satisfy Erin. She knew that if she does well, her Mistress will reward her. She will fuck her the way she likes, maybe using an even larger strap-on. Her butt was already stretched, but Emma always wanted more. The mere thought of it made her tremble with ecstasy.

"Not again!" shouted her Mistress.

Emma was afraid she did something wrong. Was she about to be punished? She sighed with relief when she heard her Mistress saying:

"This fucking Gothar is driving me mad! It's no coincidence he crosses us yet again."

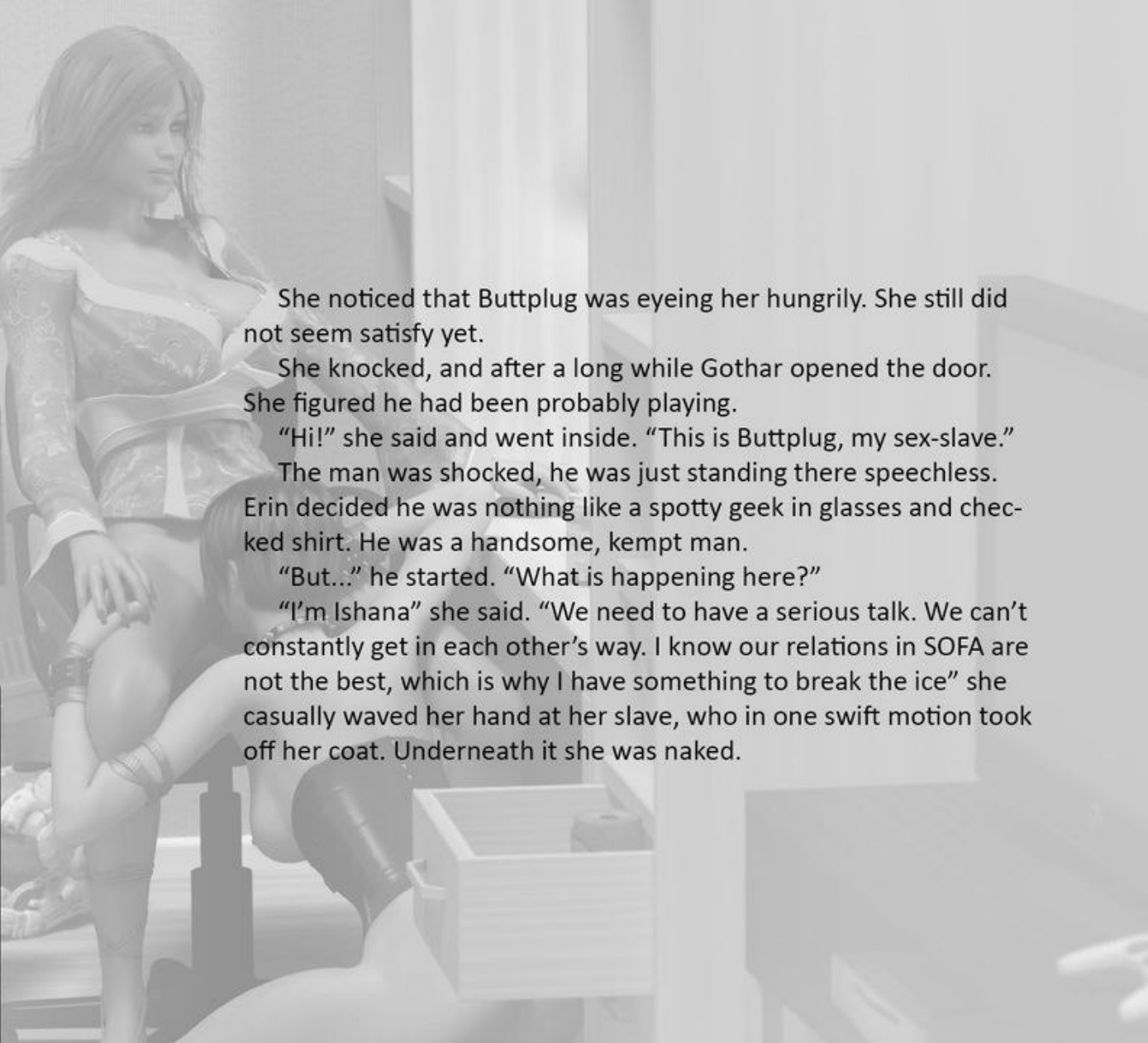
"He's so obstinate" said Ivy.

"Ishana, am I mistaken, or is there someone under your desk?"

"Oh yes, it's Buttplug" answered Erin casually. "Get ready, they're coming!"

Before she knocked on the door, she took out a pocket mirror and looked at her reflection. She was happy with what she saw. Her recently altered face was noble and alluring, with pointy, elven ears. She pouted her lips and smiled. She ran her fingers along her body, even fuller breasts, slim waist and prominent buttocks. Muscles were clearly visible under her darker skin; she had been working out every day for some time. She felt great in her new body. She had never been shy, but only then was she ready to execute her plan: confront Gothar in real life.





She noticed that Buttplug was eyeing her hungrily. She still did not seem satisfy yet.

She knocked, and after a long while Gothar opened the door. She figured he had been probably playing.

“Hi!” she said and went inside. “This is Buttplug, my sex-slave.”

The man was shocked, he was just standing there speechless. Erin decided he was nothing like a spotty geek in glasses and checked shirt. He was a handsome, kempt man.

“But...” he started. “What is happening here?”

“I’m Ishana” she said. “We need to have a serious talk. We can’t constantly get in each other’s way. I know our relations in SOFA are not the best, which is why I have something to break the ice” she casually waved her hand at her slave, who in one swift motion took off her coat. Underneath it she was naked.

“Buttplug enjoys being ass-fucked, preferably with huge toys so she is very loose. But I’ve saved her pussy especially for you. Please, have a go” she said rubbing Emma’s clit. “She’s already wet” she added licking the moisture of her finger. “Treat it as a gift.”

She approached her slave, grabbed her hair and forced her to her knees.

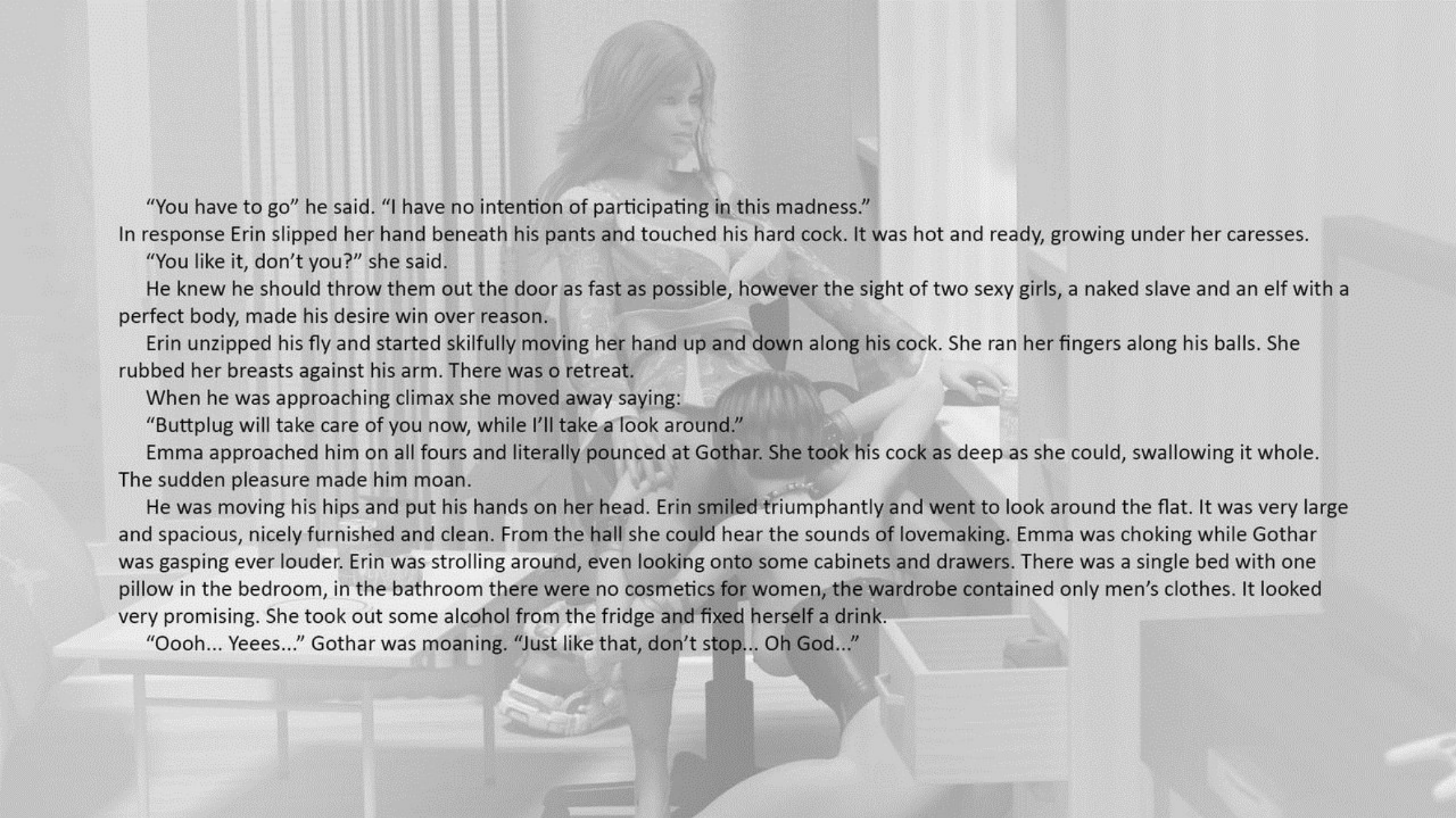
“Are you mad?!” shouted Gothar. “Get out of here! I had no idea you were so crazy.”

He grabbed Erin’s arm and forcefully led her to the door. She hugged him tightly, pressing her voluptuous breasts against his chest. She smiled seductively and rested against him.

“Come on, don’t be such a killjoy” she purred. “Are you already hard? Or not just yet?”

She put her hand on his belly and slowly moved it down. She felt his cock and started fondling it through the fabric of his trousers. He closed his eyes, struggling to resist his arousal.





“You have to go” he said. “I have no intention of participating in this madness.”

In response Erin slipped her hand beneath his pants and touched his hard cock. It was hot and ready, growing under her caresses.

“You like it, don’t you?” she said.

He knew he should throw them out the door as fast as possible, however the sight of two sexy girls, a naked slave and an elf with a perfect body, made his desire win over reason.

Erin unzipped his fly and started skilfully moving her hand up and down along his cock. She ran her fingers along his balls. She rubbed her breasts against his arm. There was o retreat.

When he was approaching climax she moved away saying:

“Buttplug will take care of you now, while I’ll take a look around.”

Emma approached him on all fours and literally pounced at Gothar. She took his cock as deep as she could, swallowing it whole. The sudden pleasure made him moan.

He was moving his hips and put his hands on her head. Erin smiled triumphantly and went to look around the flat. It was very large and spacious, nicely furnished and clean. From the hall she could hear the sounds of lovemaking. Emma was choking while Gothar was gasping ever louder. Erin was strolling around, even looking onto some cabinets and drawers. There was a single bed with one pillow in the bedroom, in the bathroom there were no cosmetics for women, the wardrobe contained only men’s clothes. It looked very promising. She took out some alcohol from the fridge and fixed herself a drink.

“Oooh... Yees...” Gothar was moaning. “Just like that, don’t stop... Oh God...”



Erin was pleased to hear him climax. He was loud. Her slave knew how to handle a man.

After a while he came to the room and with still hazy eyes, he looked at Erin who was relaxing on the couch.

“You have a nice flat” she said. “Rich parents, eh?”

“No” he answered after a moment of hesitation. “My price comparing website became popular...”

“Aha, that’s great. I’m very happy you and Buttplug got to know each other better. You have a cool home, it will accommodate us all. What was your name again?”

Simon opened his eyes wide. What was going on here?

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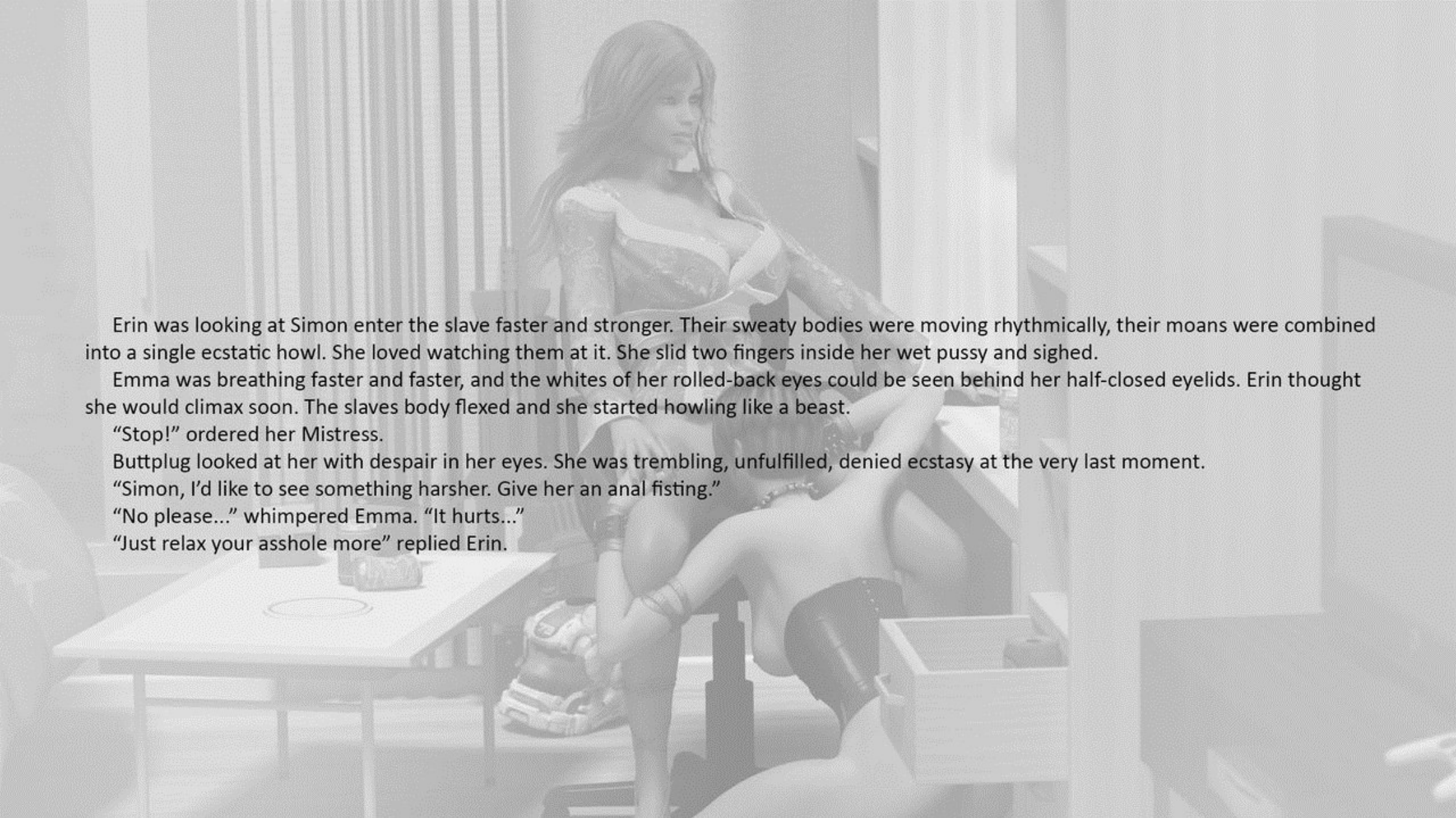


- 3 -

Ishana's and Gothar's wedding was a big event on the server. Crowds gathered to watch him hand her a Seraph's Rose, worth more than the wealth of many a guild, and to see how they exchange rings while colourful flames danced around them.

Since they had joined their forces, they had no equals on the server. The alliance of guilds was all-powerful and no one could oppose it.

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Erin was looking at Simon enter the slave faster and stronger. Their sweaty bodies were moving rhythmically, their moans were combined into a single ecstatic howl. She loved watching them at it. She slid two fingers inside her wet pussy and sighed.

Emma was breathing faster and faster, and the whites of her rolled-back eyes could be seen behind her half-closed eyelids. Erin thought she would climax soon. The slaves body flexed and she started howling like a beast.

“Stop!” ordered her Mistress.

Buttplug looked at her with despair in her eyes. She was trembling, unfulfilled, denied ecstasy at the very last moment.

“Simon, I’d like to see something harsher. Give her an anal fisting.”

“No please...” whimpered Emma. “It hurts...”

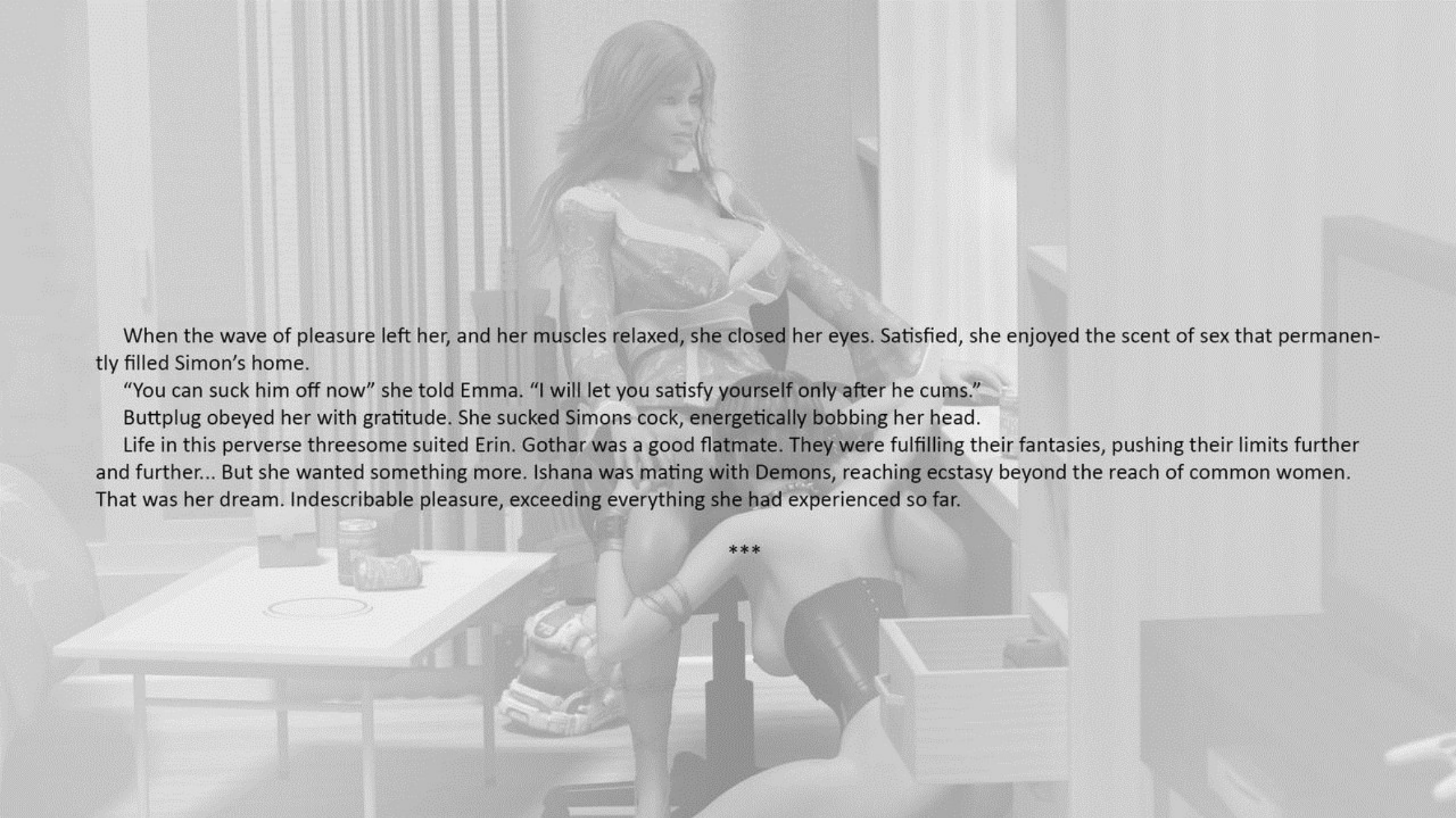
“Just relax your asshole more” replied Erin.



She was watching Gothar push his fist inside the slave's ass. It had become really loose, and could fit in a lot. Emma was moaning from pain and pleasure.

Erin watched with satisfaction, as Simon's hand invaded her slave's asshole. She was masturbating more intensely now, her body craving blissful release. Her swollen clit was wet and hot. Buttplug's submissiveness was an aphrodisiac to her. She sighed, relishing the perversity of the scene. Just a couple more rubs, just a few more and... The explosion of pleasure wracked her whole body like an electric pulse. Erin's body arched, her legs were trembling from ecstasy. She was moaning loudly, her eyes fixed on her slave.





When the wave of pleasure left her, and her muscles relaxed, she closed her eyes. Satisfied, she enjoyed the scent of sex that permanently filled Simon's home.

"You can suck him off now" she told Emma. "I will let you satisfy yourself only after he cums."

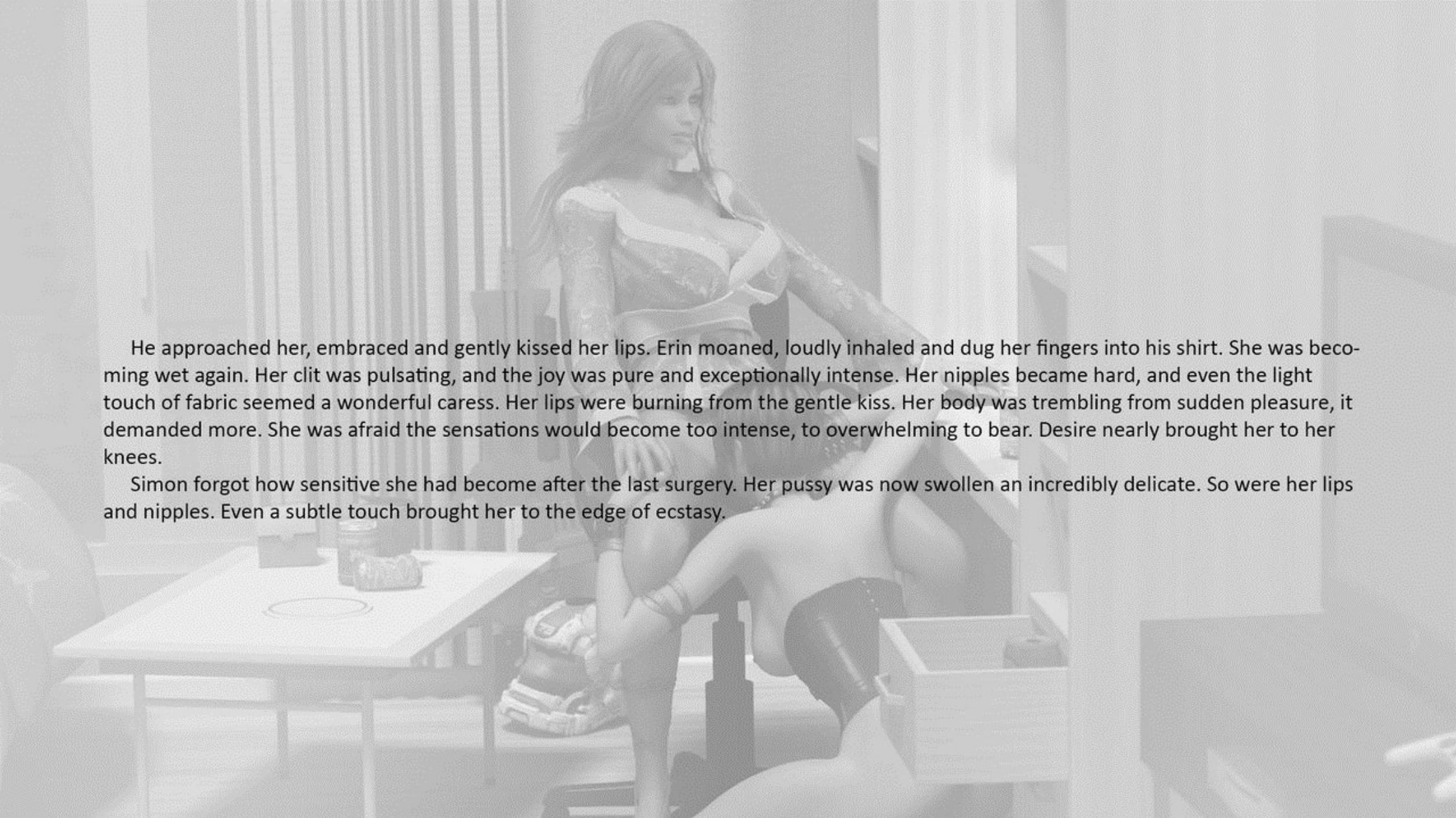
Buttplug obeyed her with gratitude. She sucked Simon's cock, energetically bobbing her head.

Life in this perverse threesome suited Erin. Gothar was a good flatmate. They were fulfilling their fantasies, pushing their limits further and further... But she wanted something more. Ishana was mating with Demons, reaching ecstasy beyond the reach of common women. That was her dream. Indescribable pleasure, exceeding everything she had experienced so far.

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When Simon came home, he was once again struck by Erin's sexy look. After her last series of surgeries she looked stunning, he couldn't take his eyes off her, though a month had passed since the surgeries. She had enlarged her breasts and buttocks again, and adorned her body with piercings. She had become Ishana, a dark elf sorceress. Only better, because he could touch her.





He approached her, embraced and gently kissed her lips. Erin moaned, loudly inhaled and dug her fingers into his shirt. She was becoming wet again. Her clit was pulsating, and the joy was pure and exceptionally intense. Her nipples became hard, and even the light touch of fabric seemed a wonderful caress. Her lips were burning from the gentle kiss. Her body was trembling from sudden pleasure, it demanded more. She was afraid the sensations would become too intense, to overwhelming to bear. Desire nearly brought her to her knees.

Simon forgot how sensitive she had become after the last surgery. Her pussy was now swollen an incredibly delicate. So were her lips and nipples. Even a subtle touch brought her to the edge of ecstasy.



Erin herself still did not get used to it, and she was amazed what pleasure her new body could experience. Initially she had been frightened by the sensitivity of her pussy, nipples and lips. Erotic sensations became stronger beyond compare. Sometimes she had the feeling, she would not take them anymore, that her arousal and pleasure would overwhelm her and destroy her.

She leaned against the wall trying to calm down her breathing. Arousal made her helpless and unable to think clearly. She only desired one thing. She gestured at Emma, who already knew what was required of her. Gently, with the tip of her tongue she touched her Mistress's sensitive nipple. She was circling it softly and Erin was writhing under her touch, screaming. The slave caressed her voluptuous breasts and the Mistress dug her fingernails into Emma's skin. She kissed her passionately, pleasuring the surgically altered lips. She lightly pinched the nipple. The pleasure became unbearable, she couldn't take it anymore. Erin was cumming, screaming as loud as she could. Her body was being wracked with spasms of pleasure, and her love juices dribbled down her thighs.

Since the operation even the lightest touch aroused her. She gave up on wearing underwear, because it was teasing her too much. Eating had become an erotic experience, leading her to the edge of climax. She could no longer control herself. But it was exactly what she had desired, ecstatic pleasure.

"I hope Ishana will be more assertive this time" said Bjorn. "Recently she has been doing everything Gothar demands." As if he was the leader of our guild."

"I don't know what he is doing to her, but he somehow gained power over her" commented Ivy.

The meeting had begun. The virtual room was filled to the brim.

"Here's the plan: we are going on a raid against the two-headed worm, and Ishana's guild guards the entrance so that no one gets in our way" said Gothar.

Several people sighed with resignation. This guy took too many liberties.

"No way" said Erin. "We're going with you. We can also..."

"Silence!" Simon's avatar raised its hand in a commanding gesture.

"We can..." started Ishana.

Her words became a long moan of pleasure.

"It's settled then" said Simon.

"Damn, how do you do it Gothar?" asked Quadir.

Simon was watching Erin slowly coming to her senses. She was tied to a chair, both her holes were filled with remote-controlled vibrators. Just one move... One press of a button was enough to make her lose herself in ecstasy. Her sensitive body had no chance to resist the caresses.

Buttplug was sitting at her feet, fingering herself while watching her Mistress.

Gothar shifted in his chair to be more comfortable. Erin could not oppose him now. Her body betrayed her, giving her pleasure she could not control. He didn't always use vibrators. Sometimes he teased her by pulling on her nipple-rings. Playing with it for a moment was enough to make her cum.

He pressed the button once more. Erin started moaning and writhing, struggling against her bonds. She screamed and rolled back her eyes, when the orgasm overwhelmed her. Emma was touching herself more and more intensely.

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A grayscale illustration of a woman with long hair, wearing a lace-trimmed, long-sleeved bodysuit, sitting on a desk. She is looking towards the right. In front of her, another person is kneeling on the floor, facing away from the viewer. The kneeling person is wearing a dark corset and has their hands near the woman's feet. The scene is set in a room with a window in the background, a table with a drink and a bag, and a desk with a computer monitor. The text "THE END" and "Thank you for reading!" is overlaid on the image.

THE END

Thank you for reading!